

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown

Folder
chapter # 1

Million Dollar Bounty: Free Ed and Elaine Brown

Edward - Lewis: Brown
[03923-049] USP. T.D.C.
P.O. Box [REDACTED]
Marion Illinois, 62959

5-11-10

Dear Ray,

Would you please send this out far and wide, and if you could, let them know how many of our rights were violated starting from the beginning. "The Saga of Ed and Elaine" sent to them would be great.

As a United States Constitution Ranger this might get some interest.

As well, if anybody moves fast enough, We have a Million dollar + property up as collateral to whoever gets us on the street with prejudice. The property is totally free and clear.

We must also remember that Elaine and I offered anyone the office building and someone else offered \$1/2 million more if anyone could prove that we were obligated to pay those income taxes.

At any rate Ray, it appears that as the economy is flailing, the seed of unrest is growing. I have concluded that at the moment the C.E.G. 9 Criminal Element in Government) have created a new form of government called an "Administrative Democracy." Administrative law for the bankruptcy and the government is the majority vote of the Democracy i.e., "Administrative Democracy."

The US ATTORNEY GENERAL -- the courts -- and the Executive all work together to form their new government, but it merges the three branches of government into a fourth branch called the "Administrative Democracy." You will hear much more on this as time unfolds.

These CMu's are the next thing to A.D.X. and supermax.

See: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

For Background on Ed and Elaine Brown's ordeal please read "The Saga of Ed and Elaine." read:

20018-01513 7 51 70 8262

Saga of Edward and Elaine Addressing the Court of Public Opinion

<http://www.>

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #2.

<http://>

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #3

<http://w>

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #4

<http://w>

Your Friend

Ed,

PS. Could you please send me a copy of the Saga of Ed and Elaine?

Ed:

It looks like things are looking up. It wouldn't surprise me to see you case make History. The Sovereign People are so fed up at so many different levels, I perceive we can change our present momentum without these criminal elements goading us into a shooting Revolution. Hang in there Ed. I'm looking forward to meeting you and Elaine in person when you get out.

By the way, I've distributed your letter and attachments via links. The below hardcopy of "The Saga of Ed and Elaine" is being sent to you.

Ray
Ray.

Saga of Edward and Elaine Addressing the Court of Public Opinion

We two sentient, free-will man and woman as Edward-Lewis and Elaine-Alice of the clan Brown, with the most honorable intent, present this true, complete, correct Affidavit of Record of Torture, to the best of our knowledge and good character of our spiritual belief:

That in the year 1994, we had made a conscious decision to challenge the Internal Revenue Service re the income tax being applied to an American man or woman when we could not find the/a law that required said man or woman to contribute/pay a federal income tax. We spent the next two years communicating with the Internal Revenue Service trying to get them to comply with the question: Will you please show us where we are required to pay the federal income tax? The silence was palpable. The I.R.S. refused to answer any presentments we sent them or telephone calls we attempted.

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The Beginning (first Assault)

On November 18, 2004, at 7:30am, twenty-eight armed local and state officers and federal agents raided Elaine-Alice's dental office. A state police sniper along with three observers, under the orders of Christopher Aucoin was positioned on the hill behind the office, with his rifle pointed at the parking lot of the office, endangering passing traffic and people in the mall parking lot directly across the street. This was witnessed by two of our contractors who happened by there on an errand. Everyone inside the office was held, not allowed to make phone calls or leave until approximately noon, after each had been interrogated privately. No such order was on the search warrant. False imprisonment. All these armed agents did was download the office computer.

A couple of weeks later, we showed the search warrant to an attorney in Lebanon, and he told us that there was no probable cause listed on the warrant.

Tort suit

Some months later, we filed a tort claim in Grafton Superior court, Judge Jean Burling presided, against the following individuals who were involved in the office raid: James John, IRS CID investigator, John Hickey, postal inspector CID, Thomas Colantuono, U.S. Attorney, New Hampshire, and William Morse, Assistant U.S. Attorney, New Hampshire. The case was soon remanded to federal court, stating that as defendants were federal employees, it was federal jurisdiction, and that the names of the defendants had to be replaced by the United States. Judge McAuliffe dismissed the case when we stated that we could not enter into federal court due to lack of jurisdiction, and our case was a state tort case, not a federal case; the criminal action of the raid was committed on private property in the New Hampshire republic.

Grand Jury

We were notified by mail that a grand jury was convened, and we were invited to attend.

However, we realized that the U.S. attorneys, Colantuono and Morse, were the same individuals that we had filed the tort claim against. Also, through the paralegal course that I, Elaine, had taken, we knew that the grand jury is nothing more than a sham, being in the pocket of the prosecutor, totally controlled by him. We stated that we would be willing to appear, if the prosecutor remained out of the room. He refused, we declined. Why would we be so foolish as to attend a grand jury that was totally controlled by the very people we had filed a tort claim against?

Second Assault (Kidnapping)

On May 24, 2006 at 6:20am our home phone rang. The caller identified herself as a Lebanon police dispatcher, saying that there was a water leak at our office building; it was running into the street, we had best get right down there. I, Edward, knew that there was

no leak possible because of the back-up system I had installed, this was something else. It took me approximately twenty minutes to get there, and when I did, I saw the water department truck parked near a storm drain, with "Lebanon water department personnel" that I had never seen before. I again suspected something else was up, especially when I saw two Lebanon police officers blocking the egresses on the east side of the building. I parked my truck on the west side of the building, removed my handgun from my waist, placed it in my console and began to walk over to the building but away from the "water department personnel." One of them called me back toward the storm drain; I hesitated, and then went over to him. As I brushed past him, he and two others swarmed me, and threw me to the ground, yelling at the top of their lungs, ordering me to get up; I replied, "I can't, I have a thousand pounds of men on top of me." I got up, was handcuffed behind my back, put into a Lebanon police cruiser, and was taken to the Lebanon Police Department where I was also shackled. I was there for a short time, ten or fifteen minutes, brought back out, placed into a van; I asked where they were taking me, and I was going to Concord. No one identified themselves, so I did not know by whom I was being taken to Concord. I was put into a cold holding cell at the federal court building in Concord, and kept there until about 2:30pm, when I was taken into the courtroom for "arraignment."

Elaine in Court (arraignment)

Meanwhile, I, Elaine, went to the office to go to work as usual, arriving there approximately 7:30am. Upon arrival there, I parked my car as usual in the parking lot on the east side of the building, and started walking toward the building. There was a van parked parallel to the street in front of the storm drain, and a man standing there looking into the drain. I thought it was strange that I did not see Ed's vehicle there, and knew something was wrong. As I approached the man, he said good morning, took my purse and my water bottle from me, as a woman stepped out from the alcove, pulled my hands behind my back and began to handcuff me. One of my employees drove into the parking lot at this time, and was stopped by a Lebanon police officer. She exited her car while the police officer was telling her to leave, and she shouted to me, "I love you." I was immediately driven to the federal court building in Concord, at over ninety miles an hour down route 89. I was placed in a holding cell until my arraignment at 1:30.

In Shock in Court

I was taken to the hallway outside the courtroom where I met the court-appointed attorney, Bjorn Lange, and where I was first given a copy of the indictment. At the arraignment, Magistrate Muirhead allowed me to leave on personal recognizance. One condition of this was that all weapons be removed from our house, not because he felt we were a danger to society, but because he routinely does that to "protect his officers." He stated that Ed would be held at the courthouse until the court received a phone call from the probation officer that all weapons had been removed from the house. I agreed, and left the arraignment.

At Our Home

I was driven to my home by a driver and the probation officer, Dan Gildea, who absolutely assured me that no one would be in the house or office until he arrived there to supervise. We arrived at the house at approximately 4:00pm, after stopping by the office to retrieve my vehicle. Upon arriving, I saw several agents and one or two vehicles at the end of my driveway. We drove down the driveway to the house, where I saw several agents, in and out of the house.

We entered the house, and the agents began to search for guns, and I was asked to tell them where weapons most likely were. I had to open our safe to allow them to take the guns that were in there. I was asked to leave that closet, but I refused, as there were personal papers and other items in it, and I insisted on being present while the safe was open. It took them two hours to go through the house. Unknown to me at the time, they went through the house, opened doors and drawers, photographed and video taped everything, even personal clothing in bedroom drawers, kitchen items, and more. We later discovered they had been there in the house since 11:00 that morning. There were contractors working in the house, and they were told to leave the building, and were interrogated by the agents.

When all the weapons were removed, Dan Gildea phoned the U.S. Marshals and reported that they had all been removed, and so they could release my husband. During that conversation, Mr. Gildea told the marshal that this was not a "fortress" that the marshals and the U.S. Attorney's office had been publicly stating, but was a "lovely luxury home."

At about 5:30 I phoned a friend, Curt Wyman, and asked him if would drive me to Concord to pick up my husband, as he had been simply removed from the courthouse and left in the street. Curt came by at 6:00, was asked by the agents if he was armed, then allowed to stay there until they all left. Curt and I then drove in Curt's truck to Concord and picked up Ed across the street from the courthouse, getting there about 7:30

Edward Stunned In Court (Arraignment)

I, Edward, was arraigned at 2:30, with the court appointed attorney, Michael Iacapino. I was brought into the courtroom and was handed some paperwork to sign. The woman that handed me the paperwork, stating it was routine paperwork. In my confusion, not knowing procedure, and being in shock, I signed them. Mr. Muirhead asked me if I understood the charges, I answered I wasn't sure. He asked if there was a pleading, Mr. Iacapino pled "not guilty." I said "no," and Mr. Muirhead took the plea anyway, as I said that Mr. Iacapino pled not guilty, I didn't. Mr. Muirhead said something, after which I said "He (the attorney) is fired." I didn't know I had hired him.

The assistant U.S. attorney, William Morse, was arguing against releasing me, as I have guns, because I was associated with militia. Mr. Muirhead said that the first and second amendments are still alive, and "besides, we have F16's." By so saying "we," Mr.

Muirhead aligned the court with the prosecutor. Mr. Muirhead, attempting to make a contract with me, spoke to having the guns removed from the house and brought to Riley's Gun Shop in Hooksett, for safe keeping for the duration of the trial. I agreed only with the understanding that no one would be in the house until after my wife returned home to recover the guns. Mr. Muirhead agreed, and said that no one would be in the house until that time.

However, Mr. Muirhead flat-out lied, as did Dan Gildea, as they both knew, prior to any agreement with us in the courtroom, that the U.S. Marshals had already been in the house since 11:00am that morning, photographing and video taping everything in the house. The contract was thus void before it was even signed, with knowledge by Mr. Muirhead, who by these actions by him, committed fraud, abuse of process, and malicious prosecution.

Mr. Muirhead then went on about the guns in the house, telling him that he would release me when the guns were removed as he was concerned for the safety of his officers. I frankly didn't know why; I always considered law enforcement to be my friends.

The Trial January 6, 2007

Between this time and the start of the trial, we filed forty-two motions, about half of them challenging jurisdiction. All but one was denied, most with no objection from the prosecutor. It appears that Judge McAuliffe was objecting for the prosecutor. "Collusion?" It is the law that when jurisdiction is challenged, it must be proved before any further business can proceed. The matter of jurisdiction was never addressed by the court.

That on January 6 in the year of our Lord, 2007 in the p.m., Steven McAuliffe, adjudicating over Case # 06-CR-00071-SM, at the federal district court in Concord, New Hampshire, did in fact cause one to leave the trial that was desired by us to go to a lawful completion.

At the end of the second day of the trial, Steven McAuliffe cleared the court with the exception of the court stenographer, bailiff, himself, and us. On the record, Steven McAuliffe leaned over his pulpit and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown, I am going to disallow all of your evidence. I have already reviewed this material, and I've seen all this before." He also allowed only one of our witnesses.

We believes that Edward told him that he, Mr. McAuliffe, could not do that, as he knows that each case has to stand on its own merits. Edward objected again, and believes Mr. McAuliffe noted the objection.

The following day, Thursday, January 8, Steven McAuliffe, about 3p.m., addressed the jury, telling them that they will find on the facts of the case, that our testimony was our opinion of the law, but that he, Mr. McAuliffe, will tell them what the law is.

At the end of that day, Mr. McAuliffe handed to us a copy of his, Mr. McAuliffe's charge to the jury for our inspection. In the body of this document was the phrase that read that everyone is required to pay the income tax. This is not true.

As our entire case rested on the lack of a law that requires one to pay such income tax, we knew immediately that Mr. McAuliffe was attempting to sway the jury, and that this was jury tampering, and that fact that he was not going to allow evidence or witnesses, showed collusion with the U.S. Attorney's Office with malfeasance aforethought against us.

After listening to Assistant U.S. Attorney, William Edward Morse present twenty seven witnesses and all his evidence, we realized that a level playing field was impossible to acquire in this court.

We now, thoroughly disenchanted, realizing that the court was violating the entire integrity of judicial conduct, was put in a situation of having to retreat from the field of the court, and withdraw to a safe haven, thus went home, knowing we would never receive lawful due process in that courtroom. We did not abandon case, but we were forced to retreat to a safe corner.

Our day in court regarding this tax case, which was wanted by us, was destroyed in a flash by Mr. McAuliffe. Mr. McAuliffe and Mr. Morse are, so claimed by us, to have conducted themselves in a dishonorable fashion by the action barratry, willful misconduct, affirmative misconduct, and wanton misconduct, abuse of process, malicious prosecution, vexatious suit created by the U.S. Attorney's office, in the face of ignoring the vex question asked by us, show me the law.

(A maxim of law states that all crimes must have two components to be a crime: the act and the intent; one must do the crime, one must know one is committing a crime, and must intend to commit a crime. The structuring law states that to be convicted of this crime, it is not necessary for one to know he is committing a crime, and one need not intend to commit a crime. This is profoundly absurd. Law cannot contradict itself, and where there is a question, the decision must favor the accused. In this particular case, Mr. McAuliffe, absolutely of record, buried all moral cannons, as he told the jury that he would tell them the law.) The jury must be a fully informed jury and decide both law and fact. The judge is merely a referee.

Barratry

Barratry: vexatious incitement to litigation. We were incited to retreat from the arena thus creating further litigation that has destroyed our lives.

This entire case was only created because we, in 1994, began to question the Internal Revenue Service about the applicability of the federal income tax to Americans of the fifty union States. Note: We are aware that the IRS Code and Income Tax is applicable to citizens of the United States, Washington, DC and the insular territories known as

American Samoa, American Virgin Islands, Guam, and others, corporations, certain foreign income, alcohol and tobacco businesses, and all who voluntarily sign the tax form.

Steven McAuliffe, having reviewed the evidence knew that we had won the case, which appears was his motivation to assist the Asst. U.S. Attorney, William Edward Morse, in his endeavors, to win another case, or to seek retribution against us, because we had filed a tort suit against William E. Morse, Thomas P. Colantuono, John Hickey of the U.S. Postal Service, and James John of the IRS, which case was cast off to the federal court, unlawfully.

Our claim of wanton misconduct by Mr. McAuliffe due to failure in his duty to protect our absolute rights, coupled with the knowledge that extraordinary injury would and did result. Due to his actions, and due to our having become fearful and losing all faith and confidence in the court, we did retreat; not knowing what else to do, stayed home and attempted, in our naivety, to get our case heard anyway we could find. (It has never been heard by a proper court to this day and we are still waiting).

For the next several days, we did discuss our options with our council. It was decided that Edward would remain in the home, while Elaine, out of fear, would return to court to conclude the case. Upon Elaine entering the court on the following business day, Mr. McAuliffe ordered Elaine away from my home and husband, or I would be incarcerated as of that day. I chose, again from fear, to stay with my son, and did not return home. After more than a month away from home and husband, I could no longer bear said separation, to the point I had to seek medical care for extreme stress and panic attacks (never had before), and knew that separation of husband and wife is against Biblical teaching, returned to home and husband. Upon reaching home, I removed the ankle bracelet placed on me by U.S. Probation Office on January 13. Later that day Dan Gildea phoned me, and attempted to talk me into returning to my son's home, telling me that if I did, I might get only a ten-month sentence; this is after telling me earlier that I might get only three years, or perhaps two years. Do they lie? Judge McAuliffe issued an arrest warrant for me. I remained at home with Ed until forcibly removed, kidnapped, by U.S. Marshals on October 4, 2007, at approximately 8:00p.m.

April, 2007, "Sentencing".

April 24, 2007 was the sentencing date. Obviously we chose not to attend the hearing. We were both sentenced to 63 months, the maximum sentence.

Following the sentencing, the theater of oppression from the government increased. The marshals cut off the electricity, Internet, television satellite, telephone, and mail. Patrols between Lebanon and Plainfield increased, as did aerial surveillance with state police fixed-wing aircraft, helicopters, global hawk surveillance aircraft flying at 30,000 feet, U.S. Marshal Steve Moinier stated on the record that it flew at 50,000 feet. The fixed-wing state police aircraft flew over the house for hours at a time; circling and circling to the point to the point that I, Edward, actually called the West Lebanon airport to ask the

control tower to have the aircraft retire from my airspace, as it was extremely irritating. Control tower refused, stating that he cannot comply.

Town police were also on patrol up and down the road, Chief Gordon Gillens and Officer Larry Dorr. There were individuals patrolling in the woods around the house from time to time.

Many people had been coming and going to our home since January, bringing well wishes, food, prayer meetings, etc. After the sentencing this increased tremendously. People came from all over the country, as far away as California, Florida, and Texas. Press personnel from Germany, Italy, and Scotland came to interview us. Packages from as far away as Australia. We were so happy these good folks coming to us, because this was the only way we were going to be able to get the truth out to the public, as the U.S. Attorney's office and the courts, to this day, continue to suppress the truth of this matter. We were doing a daily talk radio show on Internet and radio, Radio Broadcast Network, and we observed that the only truth that was getting out was in that venue. We also were able to speak on other networks, such as The Power Hour with Joyce Riley and Dave vonKleiss, Pastor Butch's radio evening program, etc.

The main-stream media was not reporting accurately, but demonizing us constantly. Margo Sanger-Katz of the Concord Monitor, owned by George Wilson (also owns the Valley News in the Upper Valley) particularly did us harm. In her first article concerning us was after the arraignment in 2004, she wrote that we had half a million dollars in cash in our home, and all our weapons had been removed from the house. To say this is irresponsible journalism is an understatement; she set us up to be robbed or killed. Since that time she has gone out of her way to demonize us and print lies about us. She has also written that we were convicted of hiding income to avoid paying taxes, which is not true. This has been typical of all the main-stream media, which is the reason that, toward the end, we would no longer allow them onto our property.

June 7 – Shots Fired

Saturday morning, beautiful day, very early, the complex of the situation totally changes, suddenly gets very serious and very dangerous.

Danny, our house guest, makes himself a cup of coffee. He decides to take a walk along the driveway, Zoe, our German shepherd, goes with him. As he approaches the end of the driveway, he notices the bushes across the road have been evenly cut, like a hedge, and he sees someone in the woods behind them. He calls out, "Hey, are you hunting turkey?" Danny now notices the man is in camouflage, and has an automatic weapon, aiming it at him. Danny now turns, and starts to run back down the driveway toward the house. Two shots are fired, going just by his head as he runs. He now yells, "Don't shoot, I'm unarmed!" (He is wearing shorts and a short-sleeve tee shirt and sneakers – clearly unarmed). At this time, twelve fully camouflaged soldiers, six in the woods on either side of the driveway, with full automatic weapons come at him and swarm him, shove him to

the ground, and tazer him, yelling something about how he had spoiled their mission. One of the soldiers shouts into his radio, "Shots have been fired, shots have been fired!" (He does not specify who fired the shots), seemingly in an effort to give the impression that we had fired, because a helicopter, within a minute or so flew over the edge of the field once, then retreated.

I, Edward, come out of the house a couple of minutes after Danny goes for his walk. I am standing on the front steps enjoying the early morning sun, when I hear two shots – boom, boom- muffled through the trees. About thirty seconds Zoe comes tearing down the driveway toward me. Instead of coming up to me, she runs right past me and into the house. This is when I see the helicopter. Half a minute later the telephone rings; a friend is calling to tell me they saw three state troopers in front of a tank and three state troopers behind it, heading south in my direction. He also he had seen the same thing about an hour earlier.

Now we know they are coming to kill us. Visions of Ruby Ridge and Waco are clear in our minds. We had watched the live coverage and the videos of both these tragedies, and our situation has the earmarks of both. Until that moment, we could not envision our government killing us over a tax matter, the law for which had never been shown. Now we know they are going to. We only have in the house a shot gun that the marshals had missed when they took the guns in May of 2006, and a hand gun that was given to me by a dying friend.

Danny is now taken to St. Gauden's National Park on Route 12A, south of Plainfield village, and interrogated. He is threatened with possible life in prison if he ever tells what actually happened. We have cell phones that had been given to us by many people, which we now use to begin calling out to let others know the situation. We are extremely frightened. Another phone call comes in notifying me that in the field on the corner of Stage Rd. and Route 12A in Plainfield, there are an ambulance, two tanks, a fire truck, a bomb truck, a helicopter, and over a dozen state police cruisers, and some thirty to forty personnel, consisting of U.S. Marshals, state police, town police, etc. Now we have an army poised to attack us. The marshals later stated that the reason they were there was to serve us papers about the Lebanon property being seized. Danny is ordered by the marshals to say nothing difference or else. As we make more phone calls, supporters start to come to us.

In late afternoon, Danny returns to the house. He informs us that the marshals dropped him off at the bottom of the hill, a two mile road, and he walked up to the house. Danny is terrified, he is a nervous wreck, as he had been interrogated by the marshals for several hours, was warned about speaking the truth about what happened, and told never to return Here. Danny gets into his car and leaves.

Now that we knew that they were intent on killing us, we began to accept the offers of munitions from various places, in order that we may be able to defend ourselves. We knew conflict was imminent. I refused a great deal of items that were highly volatile,

because we did not wish to hurt anybody, only to protect ourselves. If the government uses two tanks, helicopter, fixed-wing aircraft, spy plane, an army of snipers and battle-ready soldiers, to attack two people who were merely trying to get an answer to a question of law, then what does the law state these two people are supposed to do to protect themselves when they know they did not break the law.

Under lethal force definitions under RSA's, it states that if anyone whose life or property is being threatened, they are in absolute right to use equal or greater force. This is universal – International Law, Military Law, Law of Nations, Federal Law, all concur. The New Hampshire Constitution, and the Declaration of Independence state **We now believe that the government was insane and totally out of control. We also began to understand what Randy Weaver and his family, as well as Waco church experienced. We knew that Randy Weaver's family was very spiritual with God, as well as was the Waco church, as well as we are. Could this possibly be a move against spiritual or God-loving people? It couldn't possibly be because of the income tax question. We are still inclined to think that is the case, in addition to the fact that we dared to challenge them.

As frightened as we were, we could not submit to intimidation from anyone violating our absolute rights under both man and God. We are Americans, of God and country, in the purest sense of the word. We are even-handed, helpful, and composed under any circumstances, no matter how critical the situation. We were feeling at the time of this incident, that we were the only stable-minded people in the area. Even our neighbors were joining with the government and attacking us verbally, some in a vile manner. Mr. Copp, our close neighbor, in an FBI report, said that I, Edward, conducted homosexual acts, specifically that I "give blow-jobs." Defamation of character? \$\$\$\$?

It must be kept in mind what Thomas Jefferson said, "All that is needed for evil to prevail is that good men do nothing." Someone must stand.

This incident changed

June 2007 Concert

A concert at our home was announced by the radio networks we were broadcasting on: RBN, Genesis, WTPRN. Three rock bands contributed their time and talent for entertainment. Food was provided by the radio network. People came and went all day long, and into the night. Some brought sleeping bags, tents, and RV's and stayed the weekend, brought their families, small children. Dave vonKleiss also provided much entertainment with his guitar, accompanying himself while he sang some of the songs he has written, all aimed at freedom and justice. He had even written one for us, and he named it "Show Me the Law." It was a delightful day, with many good and fine people, including Randy Weaver, who drove in with the WTPRN radio crew from Texas. Randy spoke to the crowd, as did many of us, sadly recalling the day his wife and 14 year old son, Sammy, was murdered by the federal agents who shot him in the back as he was

running away from them to the safety of his home. They even killed Sammy's dog. Randy and the WTPRN crew stayed with us for about a week. Actually, many people stayed with us for extended periods of time during those months. We are so grateful to them, and honored that so many came to us out of love and support, in a time of official oppression in our once great country.

A Country at War With Itself

It appears we have a nation divided; we appears we have a nation attacking itself; it appears we have a government that is so far out of control, that they have lost the vision and sight of what America's destiny is all about. As we observed our local police, county, state, and federal governments working in collusion to attack their own people who have supported them all their lives, and who are only working to bring the county to a higher quality and standard of living, having harmed no one or thing in any way, our question, then, is why? Why would they be so adamant in their actions in attempting to silence our question of 'show me the law' of these taxes, the answer to which we are guaranteed by their own laws and every other laws in the world? We still ask it today, "Show Me the Law."

July Concert

The concert was repeated in mid-July, again with the same general format, but with an added factor: a Homeland Security helicopter that came in just over the tops of the trees, about 150 feet in the air, from about 1pm. They were close enough so you could be hit by the prop wash from the blades, clearly endangering everyone in the area. If something would have happened to it, such as mechanical failure, many people could have been injured or killed. They continuously harassed the entire festivities with their loud noise, and after dark, their immensely bright spot-lights, even aiming these lights into the windows of our house. They circled the perimeter of our opening continuously except for the two times they had to leave to refuel. Again we are reminded of how childish our government officials can be. What purpose did flying a circle over a picnic for eight hours serve to anyone except to attempt to frighten and intimidate little children and dogs? Early in the evening, I, Edward, phoned the Lebanon airport and asked the control tower to please have the helicopter retire at 9:30 to above 1,000 feet, as we were going to have fireworks, and did not want them in harm's way. Promptly at 9:30 they flew over, flashed their lights, and left the area. We had our fireworks. That ended the festivities. Most people stayed for the night in their RV's, tents, etc. until the following day.

More Shots Fired

Later in July, a Saturday night about 11pm, about thirty-six shots were fired from a semi-automatic rifle, in the northeast woods behind the house, about 1500 feet away, near our 10-acre beaver pond. Shortly afterwards people were heard moving through the woods on the west side of the property, behind the barn. We heard two more shots off in the distance to the northwest, probably from one of the roads near the power lines. It was an

extremely foggy night, and anyone could sneak up quite close in that fog. Around 2am, Old Buck, sitting in his motor home, called down to us on his cell phone saying that someone was rocking his motor home and banging on the side of it. This occurred two or three times over the next hour or so.

In our home that night were Jason and Danny. With the first shots, Danny phoned WTPRN to report what was happening. WTPRN interrupted their regular broadcast, and put Danny on the air. They kept Danny on the air the entire night while this was happening, with Danny telling them what was happening while it was happening. It was later reported to us that so many people called 911 to protest the action, and demanding that local and county officials go in and protect the Browns that the emergency lines were totally overwhelmed to the point that the 911 personnel shut down the lines.

Later, Plainfield Police Chief Gordon Gillens publicly stated that the incident never happened, that we just made it all up to gain attention. ?????????

To this day we do not know who was doing the shooting and other harassing, if it was the marshals or just some local good ole boys whooping it up on a Saturday night after getting liquored up.

There were no further incidents after 4:30am as the sun was coming up.

Concert Interrupted – September

A third concert was scheduled for mid-September. On that morning, we started to notice that no one was coming in. As we soon learned, the marshals had blocked the road and were not allowing anyone to come to us. They were also taking people's ID's and registration numbers. They had set up a tent and were bringing some people into it for questioning. Lauren Canario, when she was prevented from driving to our home, she parked her transport, got out of it, and began to walk up the road. Marshals stopped her physically, cuffed and arrested her, took her in. We were later told that several people gathered at the bottom of the hill, and had a prayer meeting for us, until ordered to move by the Plainfield police. It appears every time some form of worship is conducted the police get upset and break it up.

Assaulted and Kidnapped!

Beginning of October, (we were alone in the house for the first time), around midnight, our friend, Shaun from Illinois, drove in with a man in his truck. Shaun introduced him as 'Dutch,' a supporter whom he had met. Dutch/Dan wished to help us in any way he could. Shaun did not stay, but left after about a half hour. This was suspicious; to drive from Illinois, arrive at midnight, then turn around and drive back? Makes no sense.

Dutch told us he was a bounty hunter and did property retrieval, with a few men whom he employed from time to time. I, Elaine, had told Dutch that there were some supplies at

the office I would like to have, as I had set up a dental operatory in the house, and had been doing dentistry there. He offered to bring in some of his associates, to go get the supplies. He stated that he loved retrieving from the feds. He went to the office and checked it out, telling us he found that the marshals had put alarms on the doors, but he could get around them. When I asked him why he would do all this for people he had never met, his answer was, "Because I love you guys."

I, Edward, went out for a walk one afternoon with the dog; Dutch offered to come along. As I was walking around the edge of the property, Dutch continuously moved in very close behind me, which forced me to move faster, jumping over stone walls and such to keep ahead of him. He acted very suspicious, as he continued to try to close the distance between us. Finally, when I got up near the solar panels, I kept myself always facing him from that time until we returned to the house. Something seemed wrong with this man.

Dutch was with us for about three days. During this time I filled two of his teeth that had decay in them; he paid me, then of course took the money back later.

He called in his men, four of them. The night of October 4, three of the men, including Dutch, went to the office, two stayed at the house. One was complaining that he didn't want to do this. I, Edward, told him that he'll be alright, just relax; no one is going to hurt him. He is the same one who later tazered me.

Edward's Narrative

At approximately 5pm, I, phoned Joyce Riley at the Power Hour radio talk show, and our friend, Bernie Bastian, in Weare, N.H., notifying them that I believed we had federal agents on the property, meaning Dutch and his crew. Bernie asked me if I wanted him to come up. I said no, I want to see how this is going to play out. I didn't want to get anyone else involved.

They were gone about an hour and a half. When they returned with several black plastic trash bags, I told them to place the bags on the ground outside the open garage door, which they did. I was inside the garage; two of them entered the garage as if they were going to pass through the house. I asked them to step back out and go around the other way, which they did. As I did not know who any of these men were, especially Dutch, I always had protection with me, as I did that night in the garage. As a rifle, shotgun, and pistol instructor for many years, first acquired through the NRA many years ago, and having full and complete clearance from the FBI a few months prior to all this, my history with firearms, including a Federal Firearms License, a previous license to sell, both state and federal, which I relinquished years ago, no long needing it, I was well versed in the safety of firearms. Dutch claimed that I pointed a gun at him at some point. He is in error. When you handle firearms as long as I have, and are as safety conscious as I am, anyone will tell you, it is instinctive that you never point at someone unless you are going to fire. I had no inclination, unless I was ever threatened in kind. The law is very clear on this.

The men then produced pizzas from their truck, which they had picked up in town on their way back to the house. We had the beer, and we then all sat on the front porch eating pizza and drinking beer. We were talking about everything and nothing. Ed sat by the open front door of the house, Elaine was off to the side a bit, the men were seated around, and in front of us. One of the agents got in between us, using Zoe as a reuse, luring her to a position between Ed and Elaine by feeding her bits of pizza. He was too close to me, Elaine, at which point I knew. Ed picked up on it at the same time. He turned, started in through the open door, and was immediately swarmed by two of the men, knocked to the floor, and tazerred. At the same time, I, Elaine, was grabbed by Dutch, held immobile, and then tazerred by the same agent who tazerred Ed. What is it with tazering when one is immobilized? Danny, Edward, and Elaine all subdued, and tazerred after, rather than the other way around.

We are now handcuffed and led outside into the yard. Ed was placed in a van, and left. There were two fully battle-dressed uniformed soldiers in the truck with automatic weapons. I, Edward, was taken to the Lebanon Police Department where I was strip-searched, bent over, forced to spread the cheeks of my buttocks, and raise my testicles. I was told to re-dress, forced to be finger-printed, and put into a holding cell. By this time I was shackled. Approximately an hour later, Elaine arrived, and was placed in another cell around the corner where we could not see each other. After about five minutes or so, the agent(?) who brought Elaine in, came to the door of my cell, and started asking me about the taxes, and yelling at me that I should have paid the taxes. I thought this rather odd; what business was it of his at this point? He suddenly noticed something on his left leg. It was excrement, smeared along his leg, which made me suspect that he had his leg in a place where he should not have. My thoughts perhaps were a little wild at the time; however, he is the one who arrested my wife, and either he or someone else tazerred my wife, and the last vision I had of my wife, was where he had her bent over at the bottom of the steps, handcuffing her behind her back, before I was taken away, when she said "Honey you were right". She meant we knew that they were agents.

Elaine's Narrative

I, Elaine was held there at the house for an hour or more. Several full-battle dressed soldiers, with automatic weapons now descended on the house in several vehicles. They dispersed around the property, 'securing' the outbuildings, kicking open the porta-potty door, the door to the generator house, opening the barn, the shed. One stood beside the front steps with his weapon. The agents were trying to get Zoe to come off the steps; she was standing there, apparently in stress and confusion, could not move. I told the agent to back off with his weapon which was in Zoe's sight, as she is gun-shy. He did so, but Zoe still would not come, not even to me. Eventually one of the agents was able to grab her, and leash her.

The agent who cuffed me held on to me the entire time. At one point he was screaming in my ear about paying taxes, doing the right thing, and such. I told him to stop yelling in my

ear, as I wouldn't listen to him. He said he will yell at me all he wants, and I would listen to him. At other times, he was saying how glad he was that they had been able to capture us without harming us. I wondered if he was perhaps bi-polar, as he seemed to vacillate between good guy and bad guy – extreme behavior swings.

He asked me if anyone else was in the house, I told him only the cat. I asked him for my glasses and asthma medications which were on the kitchen counter. He would not allow me to have them. He said no one could go into the house at this time. I said that Dutch could go in, as he had been in there and knew where my things were. He told me that Dutch had already left.

Eventually I was placed in a van and driven directly to Wyatt Detention Center in Central Falls, R.I. Incarceration to follow in next installment.

NOTE: Elaine and I sensed that this had to be over. Being confined to our home, depending on others for all our needs, sleeping always with one ear open, wondering when we would be attacked and probably killed, created an unbelievable stress factor. We were always tired, always watching, wondering if they were in the woods around the house, hearing and seeing the demonizing of us by the media, calling our home a “compound,” (in the 1960's, when the Kennedy compound was referred to, it was a positive term), a fortress because we had the addition of concrete, which is extremely energy efficient, and which Florida has mandated for new home construction in some areas), with an upper deck for relaxation and views, which they called a ‘watch tower,’ meaning a military installation.

All this because we asked them to “Show Us the Law.” We hurt no one, no property, in any way, shape or form. The only damaged parties were us, and we were destroyed by U.S. Attorney's Office gone mad, using official oppression and in collusion with the courts, to get another notch in its political gun. The only thing we are guilty of, and I, Edward, say this as a United States Constitution Ranger of the Second Continental Congress of 1777, so filed in the Library of Congress, under number TXu 42-453. Our mission as Rangers is “to protect and serve the constitutions for the several States, Republics, and the Constitution for the united States of America, a Republic, and the people thereof under God.”

As a man and woman who love God, country, and each other, we will not tolerate a government gone so far out of control, that it turns on the very people who are sworn to protect and uphold truth, justice and the American way.

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #2.

U.S. Prison System
Torture, Attempted Murder,
Cruel and Abusive Treatment

Edward

October 4, 2007. I was detained at Lebanon Police Department until around midnight, then loaded into a van and driven to Wyatt Detention Center in Central Falls, R.I., arriving around 2:30am the morning of October 5. I was booked in, I would not sign any of the paperwork, and never have to this day. They placed me in cell #18 of the SHU (segregated housing unit), on the second level. It was very cold, with the wind coming through, about 50-55 degrees. The water was highly chlorinated, and I only had thin cotton clothing on with a thin blanket to cover.

That night and the following day were uneventful until approximately 7pm. I was standing at the window thinking about my wife when I began to smell an acrid odor coming into the room. I realized it was coming from the circulation vent; it started stinging my skin, choking me, burning my eyes. There was a button on the wall with a speaker; I pressed it, no one answered. The fumes were increasing; I pressed the button several more times, still no one answered, and I thought that it might be broken. I was beginning to get panicky, the burning sensation was increasing, my skin was getting red, it was getting harder to breathe, my eyes were watering. I grabbed the blanket from the bed to cover myself, and began pounding on the door and yelling; that wasn't working; no one came.

I looked around really fast to see where I could find air to breathe, and the only space I could see was at the bottom of the door, a small space about ½ to 1 inch. I looked around the room and noticed a piece of paper on the little metal desk. I grabbed it, quickly rolled it into a cone shape, shoved it under the door, and began breathing through that to get fresh air from the room outside. I kept banging on the door from time to time; I truly believed I was going to die. I couldn't understand why no one was coming.

After a while I stopped banging on the door; no one was coming. So I stayed on the floor quietly, just concentrating on breathing. This went on for about five hours. Sometime around midnight, as I checked periodically, I realized the air was clearing. After a bit I got up, exhausted, and retired to the steel platform with blue plastic pad and went to sleep.

The following morning, when the guard came with chow, I told him what happened the previous night, but he did not reply. I noticed no one spoke to me while I was in this room. Occasionally someone would look in the little window in the door, but no one spoke. The rest of the day was uneventful until around 7pm again.

Gas began flowing into the cell the second night, October 6, Saturday. This time I immediately grabbed the paper which I saved, and the blanket, pressed the button several times, covered myself, dropped to the floor by the door, and began breathing through the paper again. Periodically I pounded on the door again, no one came, no one spoke. Nothing coming into the room but this noxious burning gas, and a cold, cold breeze. The concrete floor was also very cold. However, I noticed through the breathing tube I had made with the paper, that I was breathing warm air from the other room. This continued until sometime between 10 and 11pm, when I heard voices and footsteps approaching the

door. I looked up at the window, one of the guards was standing at the window; he appeared to be in his mid-thirties. He just stood there for a few seconds, just staring in at me. I was trying to tell him there was gas coming into the room, he remained silent. Finally he started to walk away, singing out, "You shoulda paid your taxes." This made me realize that someone from the government was trying to kill me.

I started praying that they weren't doing the same thing to my wife. The anguish of that thought carries on with me to this day, because I took a position of demanding an answer to a tax question, and for demanding that answer the government decides to eliminate us; I have to blame myself for putting her in this dangerous situation. In my wildest dreams I could never believe that our government, that I was trying to protect, as a United States Constitution Ranger, would turn on us with such evil for their own personal enrichment.

After the officers left I began to realize that either the U.S. Marshals or the U.S. Attorney's office gave the orders to do this; they would not have done this on their own. As I was lying on the floor, I had much to think about, life and death, meeting God. I couldn't believe my life was going to end this way. After a while, I must have fallen asleep, because I woke up around 3am, the gas seemed to have dissipated. I got up and went to bed.

Sunday morning, October 7, called chow early, air-conditioning still very cold, could almost see your breath. 7am, gas started coming through the register again; I could immediately identify it, having worked around swimming pools for a long time. It was chlorine. Again the burning sensation, I couldn't breathe, I again grabbed my rolled-up paper, my blanket, banging on the door as I dropped to the floor. This time it lasted for only about three hours. I got up, thirsty from dehydration, poured some water into the empty milk container, put it to my mouth to take a drink, and on contact my lips began to burn, blisters came out around my mouth. Thank God I didn't swallow any of it. At this time, I plugged up the vent with toothpaste as best I could, but the cold still came in.

The only way I could drink any of the water, I found, over the next several days, was to shake the water in a container and let it gas off over a twenty-four hour period. Even then it was only barely palpable. Over the next three days, until the following Wednesday, there were no further gas attacks, and the water cleared up to a barely drinkable condition.

During that three days there was no conversation from anyone, never a reply to a question or statement, just cold isolation, until mid-morning on Wednesday, October 10, when the U.S. Marshals came in. They shackled and handcuffed and black-boxed me, took me to a small airport close by, placed me on a Lear jet with pilot, co-pilot, and four marshals. As we were flying to Ohio, I had thoughts of being thrown out of the plane. When I was returned to New England, I was also flown on a small jet, alone with only four marshals, pilot and co-pilot. I seemed odd to me that a non-violent prisoner would be transported in this extremely expensive manner. ?????????

When we arrived at Ohio airport, there were six vehicles, six pairs of men, with shotguns and automatic weapons, which made me think I was someone like Hannibal Lecter. The U.S. Marshals Service formed a caravan of vehicles and drove me for about one hour to Elkton Ohio low-security facility, but I was targeted for the high-max SHU there.

Upon entering the building at R&D (receiving and discharge), I was strip searched again. Each time I entered or left a facility, I was strip searched, bent over, spread the cheeks of my buttocks, lift the testicles, lift the feet, open the mouth, spread the arms to the side.

A photograph was taken after they made sure that I was disheveled and made to look like a criminal from a concentration camp or a drunk. This is standard operating procedure for all prison inmates. I was then removed to a very cold windy holding cell and left there for approximately five hours. They came for me around 5pm, took me to medical where I was given a TB test, stating it was mandatory. Next I was taken to a psychiatrist (or psychologist, I don't know which), Dr. LeFebre. Speaking with her was the first kind voice I heard in nearly a week, and the first individual I spoke with in that period of time. I was in shock, exceedingly cold, exhausted, hungry, very thirsty, and very concerned about my wife; and in that small warm room with an attractive, seemingly kind lady, I broke and began to cry for about a minute. I composed myself and apologized to her for getting upset. She didn't seem to care one way or the other.

Then I was taken from that room and introduced to Lieutenant T. Montgomery, who was the SHU lieutenant. I did not know what a SHU was at the time. It turns out it was a high security fogged-over window isolation cell. Mr. Montgomery had me delivered to his office in shackles and cuffs where he asked me if I was alright. I explained to him that I had had an assault on my life at the Rhode Island facility. He asked me if I wanted to file a complaint. I said I did. He had me write it out, which took me about a half hour. After I had filled it out, he said it was a BP8 form, and he would submit it for me, assuring me I would hear a reply about it in a few days, as someone would investigate it for me. No one ever did.

From there I was placed into another cold holding room for about half an hour. I saw a Dr. Clifford, the head psychologist, with Dr. LeFebre, the SHU lieutenant, T. Montgomery standing outside the holding room. They then came for me, took me down the hallway into another section that appeared to be some kind of a secluded medical facility, very scary. There was a room at the end of the hall with all-plexi-glass door and walls. I was placed in this room, and as I looked around, I saw that it only had a single steel-framed cot with no mattress. Directly overhead that at about nine feet was an exceedingly bright fluorescent strip light that had an air-conditioning unit at its base attached to the ceiling that blew out very cold breeze in two directions where the breeze bounced off the walls approximately eleven feet wide, then swirled underneath the steel-framed bunk. In other words, there was no escape from the breeze or the cold air. As I stood there for a couple of minutes, I was ordered to remove all my clothes. As I stood there naked, in the cold, for a few minutes I was handed in a very stiff horse blanket that you could not wrap around yourself properly to keep warm. They then placed a man

outside the cell to watch me. I asked him what they were doing this for, and Dr. Clifford said it was because they were a little concerned that I might be suicidal. I said to Dr. Clifford, "I am cold, tired, hungry, in shock, very thirsty, and very concerned about my wife. Dr., you don't seem to know the difference between someone who is sad and abused, versus someone who would be suicidal."

I then continued with him, and said, "From my understanding of a suicidal, you would place them in a comfortable warm room to rest or relax in, and to be kind enough to try to find out what is wrong with them and to find out what their problem is. You would never place them in a torture room." My own thoughts were that I knew this room was designed only for punishment and torture, and these rooms must be removed from the prison facilities everywhere.

I understand that this past idiot president, George Bush, 'Jr.' actually approved these torture methods against inmates, Americans, in the prison system, not only in Guantanamo, but far worse in the United States prison system, by orders of the U.S. Attorney's office/Department of Justice.

For the next fifteen hours or so, until around 9am the following day, I was awake, telling jokes to the two men who came to observe me through the glass, talking about different things, just to keep us both awake; they responded a little. During this time, they were eating and drinking, while I had nothing. At about 9 A. M., the SHU captain came in, came up to me as I stood by the door, stared down at me as I stood there naked wrapped in the horse blanket, bent over close to my face, put his right finger on his right temple, stared straight into my eyes, and said, "You got to get your mind right." He held that position for about ten to fifteen seconds, angrily staring into my eyes; then he said as he shook his head, "You don't know what I'm talking about, do you." I replied, "No, I don't." But I did. He wanted me somehow, to comply with his or "their" philosophy. He then turned abruptly and stormed out of that unit, and left.

Dr. Clifford was there, and hesitated about removing me from this room, then seemed to make up his mind, had me dressed, removed and sent to a high max isolation unit in the SHU. This began an entire new level of cruel tortuous abuse, which I am certain is done all over the prison system to many inmates. I was later to learn that political prisoners, those who would question government, were abused far more than the average inmate, even more so than those that committed murder.

I was first placed in a windowless cell at the end of the corridor down in the basement that was absolutely decrepit and dirty and very, very cold. I had a one of the stiff horse blankets. I was in there until the following day; during this time there was no conversation, they were deliberately avoiding communication. Now I was moved to an upper level high-max isolation unit, still very cold, breeze blowing. This began a more than two-month total isolation, twenty-four/seven lock-down. They did offer me one hour a day rec after about two weeks. I asked them what 'rec' meant. "Rec" to me meant "wreck." It was so cold out, and I was in a pair of orange 4X pajamas, I would freeze to

death going out there. So I declined. His reply was "it means recreation", to which I replied, "Re-creation? What are you re-creating out there that would make me want to go out and freeze?" He shrugged his shoulders and left.

From the very first day, the orders to these people were clear to me that there would be no communication from these guards with me, and there wasn't. There was a daily walk-by by medical to give me my high blood pressure pill, and an 81mg aspirin (a regular aspirin is 325mg.). Outside of that we had a clothes change twice a week, when I was asked what size I wanted, I would tell them medium, and they would yell out to the other guy, give him a 4X. After several weeks when they asked me what size, I would tell them to go to hell, and give me whatever. They began to give me smaller sizes; by the end of five weeks I was getting 2X then 1X.

Also, from day one, the very first night as other inmates were cleaning the halls, I heard the conversation go something like this: "This guy in this cell is a Ranger. Rangers ain't nothin'. The idiot shoulda paid his taxes". The door would be kicked a couple of times. This went on for several nights, then it ended. All of this was new to me. All of this was brand new to me. Every experience. I had never had happen to me in my life before, and I was always with someone being antagonistic toward me, with crass statements, rough handling from the marshals with the shackles and cuffs being too tight to the point where I now have permanent nerve damage in both hands. The nerve damage to my feet has cleared up, because I found a way to roll up the manacles inside the cuffs of my pants.

As I would lie there at night, I would hear all these strange sounds of people yelling back and forth to each other, moaning and crying from some, but mostly at night after 11, it got quiet and sleep would come, although the bright lights were always left on, and the cold windy air. We discovered that the cold breeze was to keep us under our blanket to try to keep warm. Cold seems to be universal in the entire prison system to punish, because the BOP (Bureau of Prisons) keeps you cold, keeps you quiet, trying to stay warm. I believe one of the men I heard crying and yelling is a man in his late 50's to mid 60's. The second week I was there, I believe he died. I heard the CO's come in at night, open his door, and remove him.

For the first two weeks in Elkton I was not given any toilet paper, so I used my hand and washed each time. I was given no toiletries of any kind, including soap, for two weeks. After two weeks, out of desperation, I asked for toiletries. They then gave me a set. No one informed me that I had to ask for things to get anything. This is part of their psychological conditioning in the BOP. You must understand the reason I did not ask. This was all new to me. Attempted murder and torture had already been going on since I was first kidnapped on October 4. I was fearful to talk to anybody about anything for fear of further abuse or death. I have always learned in my life, when danger is present, stay quiet, if the danger is seeking you out. Until you understand the rules of the game, you do not have any leverage. Slowly I began to understand the rules; I'm somewhat of a slow learner.

As this writing continues, you will notice that the BOP staff is trained to have no heart, no consideration for benevolence toward any inmate. The staff is conditioned to be hard, neutral, indifferent (indifference is the lowest form of contempt). These men and women in the prison system are trained in subtle continuous cruelty, and I feel that far too many of them enjoy it too much. There are exceptions; the occasional kindness shown by a few of the guards show that they are clearly men and women of God. They are still firm, and they still will not take any nonsense, but they are not abusive or cruel. You can sense the empathy in them; these men and women are respected by the inmates, and always follow their suggestions and orders without question. The cruel ones get resisted.

Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days, days seem like weeks, weeks seem like months, months seem like years, on and on and on, day after day after day, the same repetitious days. Isolation is the cruelest form of punishments; there are many of them, virtually hundreds if not thousands, from the smell of a flower, to the sound of water, to the surf of the ocean, to the breeze through the pines, to the sight of an insect on a leaf, a blade of grass, to the touch or a word, a child's voice, a birds song, on and on, ad infinitum.

The entire prison system is designed to break you, to mold you, to get you to comply with their so-called new age new world government. This is why political prisoners are abused more than others. I'll continue now.

As the days turn into weeks at Elkton, the loneliness and isolation slowly begin to do its damage. My throat had been damaged from the gassing in Rhode Island, so that my voice had changed. So, as I was alone, one of the things I would do is sing to myself, but with my damaged larynx, everything was coming out hoarse. I can remember about the fifth week or so, having had no conversation with anybody, I was trying to sing a song; I couldn't sing, and I noticed my voice was coming out like a dog howling; it was the best sound I could get. As I was doing that, there was a little click in my throat, and a higher note came out of me. I played with it, and the words I used with it in my mind were Yod-hey-vah-hey. As I repeated this for several hours, until finally I had a rhythm going saying God's name. Out of that came an entire series of chants that I developed in prayer to God, which I still work on to this day.

Not seeing anyone except the passing guards briefly standing and staring in the little window, and the warden and entourage coming through every Friday, laughing, joking and having a grand old time just before they went home for the weekend, while we suffered in these cold refrigerator-like gloomy cells was bad enough. We could picture them going out for a grand meal or recreation far different from what we are offered here. It's almost as if they were flaunting it in our faces; how could anyone be so happy when surrounded by such sad, lonely, and injured, desperate people?

The food at this facility was absolutely disgusting. Now having been in half a dozen different facilities in a year and a half, and as bad as the food is in the other facilities, Elkton, Ohio facility at times actually served rotten food. The smell could sometimes

make you nauseous. The high carbohydrate, starch, fat, sugared, salted, overcooked food stripped of all food value. I lost a total of ten pounds in the first month and leveled off at around 150 pounds, lost another five pounds the second month. I have gained back the fifteen pounds to date.

The bunks were set in a two-man cell, but I was always kept isolated with no cell-mate. The bunks were placed directly in front of the frosted-over windows. The cold air poured in from these cold steel-framed windows, directly over the bunks. Through those two months the ice from the condensation on the walls formed around the windows and ran down the walls to the floor. The frozen air dropped directly onto the bunk. It didn't matter if you were on the upper or lower bunk. When I attempted to keep it dry with towels in the window, the warden ordered me to remove it with threat of further punishment. So I had to live with 32 degree temperatures coming in the window. So now I had cold air coming in through the window, along with the cold air coming in from the ventilation system. When the sun was out it would melt the ice around the window, which would run onto the floor. When the sun went down, it would freeze again, creating a freezing cold draft which was drop directly onto the bed. I would put up towels to create a screen between the bed and the window to stop the draft.

I was finally able, by about the sixth week, to get a radio with commissary funds sent to me by friends. This was a little help. One of the things I noticed after several days of not being able to shower due to the cold and the fact that there was no hot water in the shower (I sponge bathed every day from the toilet), was a great deal of dust all over the floor, I finally figured out it was my skin flaking off from the dehydration from the cold windy air. I had to clean the cell every day. I used one of my tee shirts as a rag for that purpose.

About the fourth or fifth day I was there, I had a female CO (corrections officer) West gather me up and bring me to a phone call. She said I had an attorney call coming in. I told her I did not have an attorney. She said, "Well, you've got one now." I said, "We'll see." It turned out to be Shaun Kranish, stating that he was in an attorney's office, and that he was making this call for her. I asked him why he brought that person to our house in October. He said he did not know who the man was, he thought it was just another patriot who wanted to help. I told him I doubted it, but I would accept it for now. Shaun continued, saying he wanted to know what was going on, that he had a recorder and was going to record the conversation. I had no idea this was against the rules of the BOP, to record anything. I had never seen any rules. Shaun recorded the conversation and I told the entire story of what happened in Rhode Island and up to that point in Elkton. He did get the story out on the Internet. An investigation was conducted on the record by SIS. The warden at Wyatt stated it was "an industrial accident" to the newspaper. Impossible - three days in a row, at different times, with two different kinds of gas.

I was returned to the cell, and the following day, I was again brought out of the cell, and given a "shot" - an incident report, that stated that I had used the telephone unlawfully because Shaun was not an attorney, and he recorded our conversation. I ended up going

before a DHO (discipline hearing officer) and he gave me a shelved 180 day loss of phone. I explained to him that I had no idea what it was all about; it was just a normal phone call from Shaun. I told him if I knew it was against the rules, I would not have done it, but I had never been given an inmate's manual. So, now I have been further punished for something I did not do, and had no control over.

I was moved back to the cell, the isolation, and during this time I was also never allowed visits, telephone calls of any kind, or mail. All of this isolation went on for about two months. The last day I was there forty-one pieces of mail were delivered to me, in the evening. The following noontime, after I had read about six letters, I was removed from Elkton, and separated from my mail and everything else again. One further note I wish to add, is, at the end of the first month I was told I could have a phone call. They brought the phone down, put it through the opening in the door, and when I began to dial, it was disconnected, and the voice on the phone said, "You must have a PIN number to make a call." I only had one memorized phone number, and now I couldn't even use that. I was now told I must get a PIN number to use the phone. I asked him why they didn't tell me that to begin with. The answer was, "It's not my responsibility." I did receive a PIN number several days later, but was told that I had to wait until the following month to make a phone call (only allowed one call a month). So, the bottom line is, no phone call was ever allowed to me.

A further note, Two days after the TB test I received at Elkton, I broke out in small hive-like pimples that broke easily and bled. They would dry up and slowly go away; but as time went by, more and more would break out, as if it were in my system. Over the past year and a half, I have been given wide-spectrum antibiotics twice; they have failed to eliminate the problem. I still have this problem today, and am anxious to have a real doctor examine me properly.

Some time in late November or early December, I was removed from Elkton, loaded on to an airplane, along with over a hundred others, and flown to Oklahoma Transfer Center. The stay at Oklahoma is usually about two weeks; I and one other were there for fifty-two days. From there I was taken to Fairton, New Jersey, and placed into general population, in early January, 2008.

The first thing I noticed while I was there was the noise. From the time you get up in the morning (5:30 or so), until the time of 10:00 lock-down at night, there is a crescendo of noise that is almost overwhelming. Most of the inmates at this facility were from D.C. The population consisted of approximately 80% blacks, 15% Hispanic, and 5% white. Most of the men were young, gang-oriented, on drug related charges. After hearing many of their cases, I began to realize that more than half of these young men should never be in prison.

The punishment continues here at Fairton FCI (Federal Correctional Institution), in a different manner, though no less abusive. Everything was uneventful for the first few weeks, and I still had not had an inmate handbook, so I still did not know or understand

the rules. I was able to use the telephone at this time, so when I called a friend of mine one day, and he asked me if I wanted to hear a recording of a phone call of my wife, I said I did. He asked if I would get in trouble for listening, I replied why would I get in trouble - it's just a recording I am listening to. I didn't care about their b.s. He then played the recording which was pretty much my wife crying for about a minute, which just brought me to tears. We talked for a few more minutes, then hung up. The following day I received a shot from one of the counselors, which consisted of 180 days loss of telephone and two weeks in the SHU, which I received in a couple of weeks.

In the meantime, one of my cell mates told me his father was dying of cancer, and wanted to get hold of his daughter to ask her to please contact the dying father. He did not have any telephone restrictions, but his commissary funds were tied up, so I added his daughter's telephone number to my phone list, and he called her the following week. The next day after the call, I was called into the counselor's office again, and told I was getting another shot, another 180 days loss of telephone - now a year total with no telephone calls, in or out - for allowing another inmate to use my phone. Both shots were 200 series shots, which normally would have been a slap on the hand. The shot series increase in severity the lower the number - 500 - 100. I was given an inmate manual the following day. The manual has no mention of forbidding recordings on the phone.

The next incident that I had was with my other cell mate, who had picked up an infection inside his rectum. After several days of trying to get medical treatment, which was denied, the infection began to spread to the point where he could no longer move his bowels. This was by Wednesday. I was wheeling him back and forth to medical each day, and he was only able to sit sideways in the wheelchair. On Thursday I was coming back from the library just at noon chow when I noticed he was in the chair with the warden, half a dozen medical people, SIS personnel around him, as all 1500 inmates are coming and going from chow. I walked up to him, and asked him what was going on, as everyone else was just standing around. My old rescue squad EMT days were kicking in, where you let the most qualified man take control of the situation. Knowing his situation was serious, and no one seemed to know what they were doing, I began to take charge. He told me wheelchair was broken, and one of the PA's (physician assistant) said they were trying to get him to medical, but there were no other wheelchairs available. They were trying to get him to walk over. I asked them how they expected him to walk over to medical, when he could barely ride in the wheelchair.

This man, at this point, was totally impacted from the infection, and was not able to move his bowels at all. He was jaundiced, and getting worse. I asked them why don't they just carry him there in the electric cart; there was no reply. I then said then why doesn't someone lance the problem; they said only a doctor could do this, and there was none available. I told them he had been like this since Sunday, and had been asking for help since that day. This man is going to die if you do not get him the proper care. I then told them that if they will get me a scalpel, I will lance it myself, and clean it up. Their reply was we can't do that. I then got really angry and said well, someone had damned well do something. About that time, a wheelchair was brought across from medical; they got him

into it and moved him off to medical. I got a reprimand for that one. The following day, Friday, the doctor came in, lanced the putrefied cyst in his anus, and over the next several days he recovered.

It appears throughout the prison system there is only the illusion of medical care - there is no proper medical or dental care. I cannot guess how many die each year in the prison system due to neglect (currently here at Strafford County DOC in New Hampshire, as I write this, my cell mate here had been complaining about a pain in his head for over a month after he had received a blow to the head; he almost died from negligence and misdiagnosis. More explanation later).

Over the course of the next couple of months things were not as abusive, with the exception of having no visitors allowed, and my mail was restricted or lost, incoming and outgoing, which goes on to this day.

In April I was placed into an unlawful eight-man unit. This unit is in violation of all the laws regarding incarceration, in the world. When I got out of the SHU the second time, they placed me in another unit, and the counselor said he would rather stick me outside in the snow than in a cell. Instead he placed me in this eight-man cell that consisted of seven black Muslims, I being a white Christian seemed rather odd. As it turned out, it was more abusive treatment and punishment, for whatever reason. The cell was about 24 feet by 12 feet, 8 feet high. There was no air ventilation, and the air-conditioning unit did not work. The only way to circulate air was with a fan. It had an average temperature of 95 to 100 degrees twenty-four hours a day. There was a roaring fan. I was given the bed right below the air-conditioning unit which was about three feet above the bunk. It was too close, and no one else would sleep in that bunk, so I slept in a chair, which seemed to aggravate the counselors to no end. You would have to be this kind of cell to appreciate it. We had one toilet in the cell, for these eight men. Because of the men in the cell, in order to keep the smell done, you would flush as you defecated. I counted the number of flushes with one of the cell mates who loved to irritate everybody else; he flushed the toilet thirty-five times in one night. Most of the cellies would go maybe once during the night with two or three flushes. That means an average of sixty times a night. I became the token white guy in the cell, and on the most part we got along. They promised me a two-man cell like most of the inmates had, but it never came about.

Many of the other inmates frequently asked me why the prison personnel were treating me so badly all the time. I told them I had no idea. They would tell me that they had done far worse, and were not treated nearly so harshly. Every day it would be something, from the warden, medical, the C.O.'s, counselors, with no let up. I would ask them when the abuse was going to stop. They would say they didn't know what I was talking about, or they would say you'll have to ask the warden. The best I could tell was that all the abuse was coming down from the U.S. attorney's office. I was told, even by some of the marshals, that the U.S. Attorney's office dictates what happens in the prisons. Thus, I can only conclude that Mr. Thomas P. Colantuono, the U.S. Attorney in New Hampshire, one of

the individuals against whom we had filed tort charges, is the one responsible for all of our anguish.

The heat in there was so bad, and the sickness that kept passing back and forth among us was continuous. Most mornings half of us would be sitting by the door breathing fresh air through the little trap door.

Toward the end of June, while I had been working on the UCC process for several months, which the prison staff didn't seem to like, I was told to send all my stuff to R&D. I believed we were finally getting a break and we were being released. Instead, after delivering my property to R&D, I was ordered to the SHU where I remained for over a week. I was then put on a bus alone at 4am and driven to Philadelphia where we picked up 40 or 50 other inmates, and was flown to Oklahoma Transfer Center. I was placed in maximum security lock-down 24/7 for over two weeks, and then flown to Marion, Illinois Penitentiary.

At Marion I was placed in an 18-man high security lock-down. BOP calls it a communication monitoring unit (CMU), but in fact it is a high max isolation control unit that was designed for mind control and human conditioning by Drs. Lieberman, Schein, and B. F. Skinner in the mid-60's for the federal prison systems when they emptied out Alcatraz.

It seems odd to me that for asking a question of an income tax issue, which seems rather benign, that I am being treated with such abuse and high security. What is it they fear about myself and my wife? I have asked many of them, no one will answer. One exception at Elkton, Ohio a captain who said I had to get my mind right, and a disciplinary hearing officer (DHO) who leaned across his desk when I asked him why I was being treated so badly, and said, "Because you pissed off a lot of people, Mr. Brown." Now all I have to do I figure out who I p.o.'d off. I never realized doing the right thing for one's country was wrong.

The Marion facility is still conducting 90% of the behavioral and conditioning methods of the above, which is now being used in the prison system throughout country. The methods are so restrictive that you are totally disallowed any way with which to help yourself. All mail, visitors, telephone are denied except for those the facility will allow. Of course, the facility works directly with the U. S. Attorney's office, who likes to keep their "successful" cases in prison, particularly the ones that he knows are innocent. Someone sent to Marion disappears. The only mail I had was from my wife and Joe Haas for the last three months I was there.

The CMU at Marion is an all-oppressive unit for the purpose of having an inmate so isolated and secluded that people will lose interest, he will lose interest, because of loss of all hope, and thus be totally dependent on his jailers for all needs, which then makes him malleable and compliant to whatever the government wants. It is nothing more than a 1984 Big Brother scenario. Once all hope is lost, a man will begin to die. That is the goal

of the U.S. Attorney's office. Many have already died over the years, with the designation "Escaped by Death" placed on their death certificate. They do this particularly with political prisoners such as my wife and myself.

As of this writing, my wife and I are in Strafford County DOC in Dover, N.H., reaching out to whomever within the governmental structure that is lawful and legitimate to save us from what the U.S. Attorney plans to do to us. We fear our lives will be lost. Most certainly they have been decimated. Four other men whose only crime was to offer us support in the event we were attacked and our lives threatened, as any good neighbor or American would do or should do, have since been incarcerated.

One of the officers of the court said to me, they intend to bury you, and if you appear to be putting together a viable defense, they will separate you and not allow you to confer for the trial. This says it all. I feel that nothing less than military intervention to provide us with sanctuary is adequate for this run-away U.S. Attorney/judicial system, which is destroying lives and murdering people on a daily basis. I do not say this lightly, and I do not say this without sad proof. Must we die for standing for the rights of everyone?

I can now fully understand what our forefathers had to endure under the same official oppression, torture, murder, and cruelty, by, it turns out, the same organized people today. The only crime any of us committed in this matter, having injured no one, having damaged no property of anyone, was to take a stand against this run-away administration that fabricates allegations and charges against many people increasingly on a daily basis, for the sole purpose of expanding its private agenda within our government. If we ever receive a legitimate lawful hearing, we would be set free immediately. However, there are no courts left in America, only the court of public opinion. We wait for you.

The greatest enemy a nation has is the silence of its people. - George Washington
All that is needed for evil to abound is that good men do nothing. - Thomas Jefferson

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #3

U.S. Prison System

Elaine

On October 4, 2007, upon leaving the house, I was driven to Wyatt Detention Center in Central Falls, Rhode Island. Upon arriving, I was strip-searched, and put into prison clothes. I was placed in a room with full glass interior wall, in which the curtainless shower and toilet were open to view of everyone passing by. The bed was a concrete slab on the floor. I was given a thin, plastic encased mattress, sheets and blanket. It was now very late, well after midnight, I think. No one spoke to me after that; the bright over-head

light was kept on all night. There I remained until early Saturday morning, October 6; periodically an officer would come to check on me, and would write something down in a notebook. I later found out this was a suicide-watch room.

Saturday morning, October 6, I was strip-searched once again, and given different clothes to put on, taken to the garage and placed in a vehicle. Two men (marshals?) drove me to Danbury Federal Correctional Institution (FCI) in Danbury, Connecticut, where I remained for ten months.

Upon arrival in Danbury, I was strip-searched once again, and given a prison orange outfit to wear, fingerprinted, photo'd, and interviewed by the psychologist, as everyone is upon arrival. He had a note from the marshals stating that I was a suicide risk. I was next taken to the SHU. The SHU at Danbury is what one visualized prison to be like. It is three-tiered, with bars, and a narrow walk-way in front of the cells, with approximately fifteen two-man cells on each level. The SHU is where new arrivals are temporarily placed while awaiting the availability of a bed in the general population, and also where inmates are placed for disciplinary reasons. It is a punishment facility, very restricted. The noise level is unbearable. Inmates carry on conversations with other inmates who might be on a different level; they simply shout back and forth to each other, many such conversations occurring at once. No attempt is made to quiet down the noise.

Meals are brought in a tray; there is a book-cart to choose a book from; showers and clothes changes are limited to Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. There is one shower on each level. When it is your turn to shower, you are handcuffed behind your back, your cell is then unlocked and you are led to the shower room, that door is locked, then your handcuffs are unlocked. The shower has a curtain, but the room itself is open to view, being only bars.

The boredom and the noise are unrelenting. The most I could do was to try to lose myself in books. On Fridays the warden, the chaplain, and others made their weekly rounds, looking into the cells, asking if I am alright, or simply walking by and looking in.

After twelve days, I was handcuffed behind my back, taken from my cell, brought into a room where I was strip-searched, and given the prison khaki clothes. I was given my newly issued ID card, a piece of paper with the unit and bed number I had been assigned, and let out the door into the "compound." I am now in general population.

Having no idea where I was supposed to go, no one tells you anything in prison, I stood there until an officer pointed out where my unit is. He told me to go there and stand by

the door, which I did. Eventually two officers strolled by, and asked me if I needed to get in there, I said yes. He unlocked the door, I went in he locked the door behind me. I was confronted with a stairway in front of me and a door to my left. I went up the stairs, and found myself in a large room with many women. A few of the women helped me to find out which bed I was assigned to, and one of them loaned me a sheet and a pillow.

The following morning I went to laundry to get my clothes and bedding. We wear men's socks, tee-shirts, uniforms, and shoes. The shoes are black, steel-toed work shoes, and are too big and heavy.

Danbury is one of if not the oldest prison in the country. It was built in the 1930's as a men's prison. In the 1970's there was a fire in which some of the inmates were killed. After that it was condemned, refurbished, and converted to a women's prison. There is no air-conditioning there, and in the summer it is brutal; the temperatures can get to 100 degrees; there are big fans, but they don't work well, and the women fight over them.

Everyone who is medically exempt must work. The jobs pay 12 cents an hour. You have to go to different departments and put in requests for work. If you don't find a job, you are assigned to the kitchen, where you definitely do not want to be. The women in the kitchen are treated like animals by the officers, they are sworn at. I have seen an officer take a trash barrel of water and empty it onto the floor and tell the women to clean it up; he felt the women didn't have enough to do.

Everyone must work unless medically exempt. I put requests in to several different departments, including education department which also oversees the law library and the leisure library. I asked to be able to tutor, as I have a doctorate, or to work in the library. I was never allowed to work. Why would someone with such education not be allowed to tutor when there are so many women studying to get their GED? I have been kept from speaking from others as much as possible. Fortunately I was classified medically exempt due to my age and physical condition of COPD, and my broken wrist.

I was in a dormitory type unit, with 70 women in one open room, five-foot high partitions dividing the space into 2, 3, or 4 person cubes. Constant noise, swearing, arguments.

I soon met some women of like mind and age, and we were able to meet and study and discuss the laws as we were finding them. We met daily, and eventually began to file documents as we learned about the commercial remedy. We learned that all law is commercial, and operates under Uniform Commercial Code, which fact and procedure is being deliberately kept from the people. The courts are still fighting us on this.

Most of our filings required a notary signature, so I made frequent trips to the secretary's office for her notarization. As we neared the end of our procedure, in June of 2008, I went to her as usual for her signature. She informed me that she had been ordered to no longer notarize anything for me. I asked her who gave her that order, she answered, "You don't need to know that." From then on, instead of a notarization, I simply put my thumbprint on the document.

Two of the women I was working with were released, as their time was completed, and we have not been allowed to communicate since. I believe one other was released since I was transferred to Texas, again not allowed to communicate.

On July 29, 2008, I was called to R&D and told to pack out. Where am I going, I asked, don't know was the answer, I was just being transferred. On July 31 I was taken from Danbury and driven in a van with several other inmates to the airport in Poughkeepsie, New York. There I boarded a plane, along with several other inmates, men and women from different facilities in the area. We were all handcuffed and shackled for the entire trip. We arrived at Oklahoma Transfer Center, where we were processed in. I was kept from the others, placed in a room by myself. The room, like the one at Wyatt Detention Center in Rhode Island, was a suicide watch room. A female officer sat in front of the window-wall all night, watching me (except when she would fall asleep).

Early the following morning I was again strip-searched, and taken to an automobile, which is when I learned that I was being transferred to Carswell in Texas. No explanation why. Two officers drove me to Carswell, about a three hour trip.

Upon arrival at Carswell, which is on a military base in Fort Worth, I was again processed, strip-searched, had a brief interview with the physician, one with SIS, in which the SIS officer told me he would interview me in a few day (he never did), and was told I was assigned to the "admin unit", THE maximum security facility for women in the country. Interesting that after ten months in general population, I was now being confined to a maximum security unit. So my isolation begins.

At Carswell, in the max unit, all mail, incoming and outgoing is read, phone calls are listened to live. An appointment must be made with SIS to make a phone call, so someone can be there to listen. We never leave the unit except for needed medical or dental care. Everyone has her own cell, and we can socialize only with each other in the day room. There are no 'dangerous' inmates in this unit. In fact, it is actually quiet, there are only about 18 women here, the average age at the time was 48.

I was here for 6 months, when I was told, on February 2, 2009, to pack up, as I was being moved. No one tells you where, when, or why. On February 4, at 1:30am I was awakened and told to get ready to leave. About 20 of us were placed in a van and driven to Oklahoma Transfer Center, where I was once again placed in isolation for the week I was there.

On February 11 I was put on a plane with others, and flown to Poughkeepsie, NY, again everyone is handcuffed and in shackles. No food or water was given to anyone for the many hours of the trip. Upon arrival at NY, I and 32 others were driven to Danbury. There we were given, around 5pm cold drinks, food at 7pm, processed in. Again I was placed in isolation for the week I was there.

On February 18 I was driven to Merrimack County Jail, arriving at 9pm, placed in isolation overnight. The following morning I was driven to the federal building in Concord for arraignment. At the arraignment I submitted to the court the Bonded Promissory Note for one billion dollars, the Private Discharging and Indemnity Bond and the Private Bond for Set-off. Judge Muirhead did not accept it. This is authorized by UCC3-603, Public Law 73-10 of HJR-192 of June 5, 1933, Title 4, Sec. 401 of the Federal Reserve Act, and confirmed by the Supreme Court in Guarantee Trust of New York v. Henwood et al (1939), further confirmed in 12USC and 28USC, Sec. 1641 and 3002, and the Foreign Service Immunity Act. The court appointed a stand-by attorney, I did not enter a plea, the judge entered it. We have since notified the court we do not consent to this appointment.

Following the arraignment I was taken to Strafford County Jail, again put in isolation/high maximum security until March 11, no communication whatsoever with anyone, allowed out one hour a day for shower, and 'exercise' which consisted of walking back and forth in a 30-foot long corridor. Following the status hearing on March 11, I was placed in general population, where I am as of this writing.

Ed and I are allowed to meet daily to prepare our case. As we are not cooperating with the wishes of the court, we expect to be separated at any time now. We have noticed the court that we will not participate in any proceedings in this matter. We have been allowed access to the 'law library,' which is Lexus on a computer, in which anything we need is blocked or simply not on it.

Here at Strafford, phone calls are prohibitively expensive if calling out of New Hampshire. Visitation is complicated, and only 2 one-hour visits per week are allowed, and not on the same day.

We continue to work in the commercial venue, much to the annoyance of the court. Updates to follow.

Saga of Ed & Elaine Brown Chapter #4

Saga of Edward and Elaine of the clan Brown Chapter 4

Here we sit, Monday, April 13, 2009, at the lap-top computer which was just made available to us last week. This has a printer with it, so we are able to print our writings ourselves instead of having to have the jail officer print them out for us and delivering them to us the following day or two after.

We are still stymied as to how to progress in any self-help method simply because everything that we do is continuously controlled by the DOJ/U.S. Attorney's office, the very office that is and has been conducting malicious prosecution from day one. We have almost no outside help, and still do not have the one book we have been asking for for weeks, namely the UCC book. The officer here tells us they will ask the U.S. Marshals for it, but there has been no response about it. A friend just told us she is dropping one off to us, thank you for her.

The 'law library' we have been given access to consists of a computer with Lexus Nexus in it. Unfortunately, we can access nothing in it. There is no access to case law, USC, UCC, the New Hampshire Constitution, administrative law.

All these wonderful 'benefits' that are being provided to us by the benevolence of the DOJ/U.S. Attorney's office and the U.S. Marshals are appreciated; however, it's only enough to make these government agencies look good, and to cover them in the event of an appeal. In fact, though, it is only a minimum of resources, and a fraction of what they have, not enough for us to be able to prove our innocence or be able to provide a minimum proper counter to their attack on our good name, character, property, and freedom.

As we have spoken to many other inmates, we realize that their plight, most of them, is as serious as ours; and most of them are in here on allegations/charges that deserve no more than a slap on the hand or a reprimand, yet they are being given sentences that twenty years ago would have been given to a murderer, of five, ten, fifteen or twenty years.

These long sentences along with the poor quality of food, and virtually no proper medical or dental care are causing some serious health problems, such as diabetes, heart conditions, many skin diseases, which appear to be injected through the TB test. I have

contracted a systemic skin disorder through the TB test, confirmed the following year, when it increased again with the second TB test that I fought but was forced to take. (I was told that if I resisted, I would be physically held down and given it.)

I know of several women in my unit who have dental infections, swelling and pain, and are ignored. One woman has been suffering for three weeks with 3 infected teeth, with no pain meds or antibiotics given her, which she has asked for many times. Finally, she was taken to an outside oral surgeon to have the teeth extracted. She was shackled and handcuffed and brought into the dentist's waiting where there were several people waiting, humiliating her. The dentist then proceeded to remove one of the teeth. She told him he was supposed to remove three, he said he was told to extract one only. So she still has pain and infection, and it was three days later before she was given any pain meds, which was only Tylenol. A dentist comes in every Saturday, why was she not given a time with him, rather than going out to an outside dentist, causing humiliation and discomfort to her, and unnecessary expense to the jail.

It's almost as if there is no one in control of the prison facilities. Wherever we go, when we ask a question they have a canned answer, that being, "I don't know, I'll have to find out." It's no one's responsibility, no one knows. It appears to us that each employee at each prison facility is robotic-like; they come in at the beginning of their shift, they go through the exact same motions they did the previous day, and get angry with you if you ask a question or ask for help. It appears they don't wish to do anything beyond their routine.

A good example of that is whenever we have an ill or injured inmate, and you bring it to their attention, they'll tell you that unless the inmate is on the floor, don't call us. Also, don't press the panic button unless it's an absolute life or death emergency.

We are trapped, along with many, many others, in this Catch-22 damned if we do, damned if we don't prison system that offers absolutely no proper help or relief for any innocent party or otherwise. We sit here this morning in absolute sadness, realizing that our legal system and our government have totally broken down and is gone. We are also very aware that out in the street the problems are mounting, and we realize that the heart of those problems stem from the DOJ/U.S. Attorney's office; they are the generals in the field taking their orders from the bankers/international corporations to protect the bankruptcy.

A good example of this, for and on the record, is the International UBS Corporation, which owns and controls a corporation known as the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, which they acquired, when they acquired the PAINE WEBBER GROUP of international businessmen. So whenever you see the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA v. JOHN OR JANE DOE, that UNITED STATES OF AMERICA is not the geographical United States of America that you think it is. It is a private corporation. So how is it that a private corporation through supposedly our courts is able to file charges or claims against the American people? The word is fraud, deceit, deception, malicious prosecution.

I believe that the court system is running the largest racketeering and slave industry in the world. The records show that the courts/prison system/U.S. Attorney's office is making billions of dollars a year; this is why we have the largest prison system in the world. Not because we have an increase in crime, in fact violent crime has been shown by the FBI/DOJ to have been decreasing over the past few years, but because the courts/prison system/U.S. Attorney's office and all other government and law-enforcement agencies combined are earning huge amounts of money off everyone they put through the system, particularly those they put into prisons. The net dollars, which run into the billions, have no accountability to anyone. They simply steal it.

This room now has a new addition: a 2-way monitoring system. It seems this room is used to do arraignments by television/camera/audio. A plasma screen TV was just yesterday set up in here, the video is always on, showing the inside of this room. When we are in camera range, we are shown on the screen. The officials claim it is in "sleep mode," but if anyone is in the courtroom that this is hooked up to, they could be assumed to see and hear us as we work. We have sent a request to the superintendent for privacy, and are waiting to hear back from him.

Weekly we are asked if we will accept the discovery package sent by the U.S. Attorney; we do not, we will not. 4,000 pages of discovery; we have no use for it; we have noticed the court that we will not participate in any proceedings, so we do not intend to participate in the trial. The court-appointed stand-by attorneys will probably be ordered by the judge to try the case, they will do so without our presence or consent.

We do not send 'motions' 'pleadings' to the court' we send only affidavits and notices, although they are always referred to as 'motions' and 'pleadings' by the court and the prosecutor. They have all been denied to date, affidavits not rebutted. By law, an affidavit not rebutted stands as true. Apparently that law is only for the accused, the court and U.S. Attorney are not held to it. We only will approach the court as special visitation, which is one who goes in only to oversee the operation of the company/court.

continuing

May 10, 2009

UNITED STATES at War with Its People

Facts or Illusion?

As Elaine and I sit here this day, discussing the bombardment of negative press from many quarters, and ill treatment from the so-called government authorities here in the prison systems, we never get a break or a ray of sunshine from any quarter. It's like the world has gone mad. No one seems to be able to be consistent any longer; no one seems to be able to understand the truth, or even want it when you give it to them. We have become a

nation of confusion and illusion. We have become a nation divided out of weariness and frustration of the continuous bombardment of illusion, deception, misrepresentation from our own government.

Since 1933 the United States government public servants, for their own personal enrichment, have slowly and seditiously brought forth this unwarranted demise of one of the greatest nations in history. The United States corporate government declared war on its people on March 9, 1933, under the New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. This is fact of record, as per the Amendatory Act, a/k/a the Emergency Banking Relief Act of March 9, 1933, (48 Stat. 1) to the "Trading With the Enemy Act" of October 6, 1917.

The illusion is freedom and liberty. The fact is insidious descent to slavery, so cleverly done that most of us are not aware of it. "The Matrix" is in play for real. The ten steps of the Communist Manifesto are in place in the United States today. Type into your search engine on your computer, "Communist Manifesto/United States government." All of this very sad fact of history and record will be revealed to you.

As we have been researching this material for over twenty years, with many others from around the country and around the world, there is now a clear and definitive conspiracy in play by public servants within the United States government with a specific agenda, which will result in the collapse of America's infrastructure, both physically, sociologically, philosophically, and morally.

As a society we have been pushed, squeezed, beaten, suppressed, from a Christian nation, from a manifest destiny of great directions, to a manipulative, humanist, communist belief system that has always self-destructed throughout history. The world has seen four great empires throughout history. The first and biggest was Babylon; the second the Persian; the third was the Greek, the fourth the Roman. All went to democracy, and all failed in a violent and catastrophic manner. Those secret manipulators behind the scenes have had thousands of years of experience and knowledge to draw upon, of how to make nations rise and fall, control most of the governments of the world, but for this writing, the United States, the government – democracy, versus the United States of America, the people – republic.

The United States government, democracy of Washington, DC, is made up of manipulative public servants, particularly law-makers, law-enforcers, lawyers. We must remember that almost all – ninety plus percent – of all government leadership, are lawyers, and the one common denominator of all lawyers, is that they are all members of the same organization, known as the private BAR association, nationally and internationally, whose agenda is for personal enrichment at the expense of the rest of us.

If you have noticed over many years, virtually all of these politicians/lawyers leave their illustrious positions, wealthy. Not wanting to drag on about the obvious, we wish to show you how bad it has become with a little personal experience. We want to show you how

brutal the government has become, especially against those who challenge it, in order to protect its secret for the billions of dollars it steals from us each year.

My wife and I did challenge the United States government through the Internal Revenue Service starting in 1994, when we became aware of this agenda. As we demanded answers from several different agencies, we clearly began to understand how intrusive agenda was. It ran clear down to our local towns and cities. No one wanted to give us the answers to the questions we asked. We realized that our fellow countrymen and our very structure of government, were in danger of collapse. Everyone was just going along, without being aware of the true laws they were supposed to be protecting and enforcing. The new laws that were being established by the government were becoming more offensive and intrusive every day.

Because we had believed in America, in government, as a nation made up of good and charitable people, we felt we had to do our part. As we had discovered four specific major errors in law, we had decided to go with exposing the income tax law, because this law effects virtually everyone in the country, and has destroyed so many lives, families, businesses, and homes. The misapplication, misinterpretation of the income tax laws and constitutional laws have led everyone to think that everyone must pay, and the government can do no wrong.

We need to pause here for a moment to understand something we have discovered:

Three Sets of Laws

God's Law;Ten Commandments
Which include about 100 laws of nature.

Commercial Law.....Uniform Commercial Code – 1 Book.
Based on the Jewish Shetar law of over 6000 years ago.
Includes Common Law and Constitutional law

Statutory Law, Ordinance, license, permits, family law traffic law and ad infinitum.
that number 61 million and growing each day.

God's Law cannot mix with fictional statutory law. This is why the courts have removed the Bible from their procedures. The 61 million laws of man are legal fiction, which allow privileges only; all rights come from God. God's Law is life and substance (substantive law), statutory law of man is fiction (form of law).

Uniform Commercial Code allows people who live under God's Law to be able to communicate and interact with other sentient men in the fictional law; i.e. contract, as all law is contract, and all contract is commerce. Thus per 27USC72.11 shows clearly that all crime is commercial. The courts say it is frivolous, although their law books say otherwise. This will give a basic understanding of how the law is in the world today. All

governments, industry, and corporations, world-wide, operate in UCC law. Yet the government will tell you that it is frivolous.

As my wife and I had discovered this, we again placed the challenge to the government. We could find no law obligating an American of the fifty union states to pay an income tax.

May 30, 2009

On Thursday, the 28th, friends visited us; we both filled out the forms and submitted them as required by the jail. My visit was approved, I met with our friends. Ed's visit was not allowed, as the officer claimed Ed had not submitted the form. This is the 3rd time this has happened to him. More abuse.

We have been informed by Superintendent Dawaliby that as of June 1 we will be obligated to pay for the postage for our legal mail. Until now the jail has been paying for it, while we of course paid for our own private mail postage; we thought the U.S. Attorney's office was paying or this.

June 6, 2009

On Monday, June 1 we had a status hearing at the court. The judge was determining if we are competent, due to a motion by Bjorn Lange. His finding is that we are.

We have decided to allow Michael and Bjorn to represent the strawmen for the trial, making it clear that we are not the strawmen. We have done all we can in the redemption process; we now leave it up to the attorneys to go forward in their venue. We have reserved all our rights.

Judge Singal has determined that no pre-trial statements will be publicly made in order to insure, as much as possible, an untainted jury pool. However, the media continues to report only the negative; we questioned the judge in our letter of June 2 whether the media is working for the U.S. attorney, as they persist in demonizing us. Where is the fair trial with an untainted jury?

It appears that on Monday, June 8 we will go to the courthouse to review the juror questionnaires, with Michael and Bjorn. We will see what they contain.

June 9, 2009

Yesterday we learned from Bjorn Lange that on June 7, 2007, the feds had 174 personnel at our house, rather at the staging area near our house. For 2 elderly "tax offenders?" Is

this overkill? Just to "serve papers," as stated by Moinier. We were aghast at 30 people that we thought were there; we were later told there were 50; now we find out, 2 years later there was a real army on location. Could they have been conducting an exercise, using us as unwitting participants? Why else so much against so few?

Michael and Bjorn were not able to come yesterday with the juror questionnaires, but will come on Wednesday June 17.

Margo Sanger-Katz, of course, continues to try the case in the Concord Monitor. She is becoming a real problem. It appears she has decided we will be her career-builder. When this case is over, a suit is in order. Freedom of the press appears to mean the press is free to print whatever it wishes, the truth be damned. I recall a reporter back in 2007 telling us his job was to sell papers, not print the truth.

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Coming: more attempted  
murder, torture and abuse  
Look For: The Judicial mafia.